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"I TELL YOU, GENTS, ALL THIS SPOT NEEDS IS IMPROVEMENT. WHEN WE GET A TROLLEY LINE AROUND THE LAKE, AND A GOOD, BIG, UP-TO-DATE HOTEL HERE, WE'LL MAKE A NICE PLACE OF IT."

THE VILLA CLAUDIA

By J. A. MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," etc.



I will enjoy myself.
—Horace.

The story is fascinating,
delightfully mysterious,
full of humor and ten-
derness.

—Washington Life.

IN MERRY MEASURE

A Book of Verse

By TOM MASSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

GIBSON, GILBERT, CLAY and others



A Tasteful
Little Book
in Two
Bindings

Blue Leather
and Gold,
\$1.50;
Boards, 75 Cents

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"Musical and pleasing jingles, all of them."—*New York Sun*.

"This little book has only 152 pages, and it is a pity, for they are so full of sweet verses, captivating poetry, that one regrets the sudden ending of his reading and of his pleasure."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

"Of the sixscore or more short poems that it contains, there is not one that lacks in merit."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

AN APPROPRIATE SOUVENIR OR GIFT

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

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Out in the Cold

Four Gravures in Tone

For Framing, 15 x 20 Inches

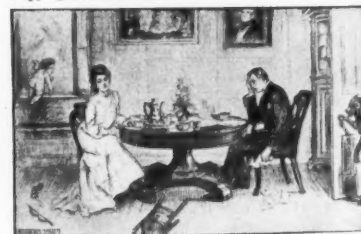
\$1.00 Each

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An Old Wood Cut

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When the Wolf—

Life Publishing Company

17 West Thirty-first Street

New York

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The Married One : } Lucky Dog!
The Single One : }

LIFE



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EASY PUZZLE FOR BEGINNERS.

FIND THE MAN SHE LOVES, THE MAN WHO LOVES HER, AND THE MAN WHO IS ABLE TO SUPPORT HER.

Announcement.

DEARLY Beloved Brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to make the best of things; that where an evil already exists, it is best, if possible, to replace it with a lesser evil.

The bartenders will now pass through the congregation taking orders for pure beer and whiskey. So that if any man has a thirst that makes it imperative to go out between the acts, let him remain here quietly and satisfy it.

Let us all unite in singing:

There is a fountain filled with beer
Where thirsty thousands drink,
Where barmaids serve all liquors clear,
And no one tips the wink.

“WHY did you stay at the hotel in Newport, if it was so expensive?”

“Because I couldn't afford to visit.”



HARDY ANNUALS.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIV. SEPT. 8, 1904. No. 1141.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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THE most conspicuous constructive force in the Democratic campaign, so far, is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. He is heartily in favor of the election of

Judge Parker, and as all there is to say about the Judge is soon disclosed, he devotes large spaces in his paper to exposition of the ob-

jectionable qualities of the other candidate. Not that he reviles Colonel Roosevelt. So far as has come to our notice, nobody reviles him, or even disparages him as a man and a brother. The mud batteries are silent on both sides. There is a vast deal of criticism of Colonel Roosevelt, but it is aimed at the Presidential candidate, not the man. So far as the man goes, nearly everybody, including Mr. Pulitzer, credits him with most of the abilities and nearly all the virtues. What Mr. Pulitzer assails are the President's opinions and temperamental tendencies. A fortnight ago he collected and spread over two pages of *The World* a great number of Colonel Roosevelt's deliverances about the indispensableness of a decent readiness to fight, the worthlessness of "weaklings," the need of a respectable army and a strong navy, the handiness of a big stick to supplement buttered language, and the coming destinies and duties

of the United States as a world power. There was scarcely one of these disconnected utterances that was not fairly sound, taken by itself, but the aggregation of them disclosed not unimpressively the temperament and some ingrained convictions of the candidate, whose personality, Mr. Pulitzer thinks, is the chief issue of the campaign. Do we want a President, he asks the voters, in whom the fighting instinct is so strong?



ALL this is fair game. If the

Democrats can array against the Republican candidate all the "weaklings," all the "timid" folks who hate to fight, except for the gravest reasons, and all who are scrupulously in favor of our minding our own business, they will do it, of course. Dr. Roosevelt has been a profuse talker, and has usually spoken from his heart, and there is no trouble about getting at his record. Without being at all quarrelsome, he is an aggressive man, and when an aggressive man is needed, he is just the man you want. Folk is an aggressive man. Hurrah for Folk! But Folk's aggressiveness has been directed to bringing political rascals to justice. So has Roosevelt's, sometimes. Aggressive righteousness is what we want in this country, and want very much, and want now. Roosevelt has a great deal of it. But for aggressiveness in foreign affairs the popular demand is not so general.

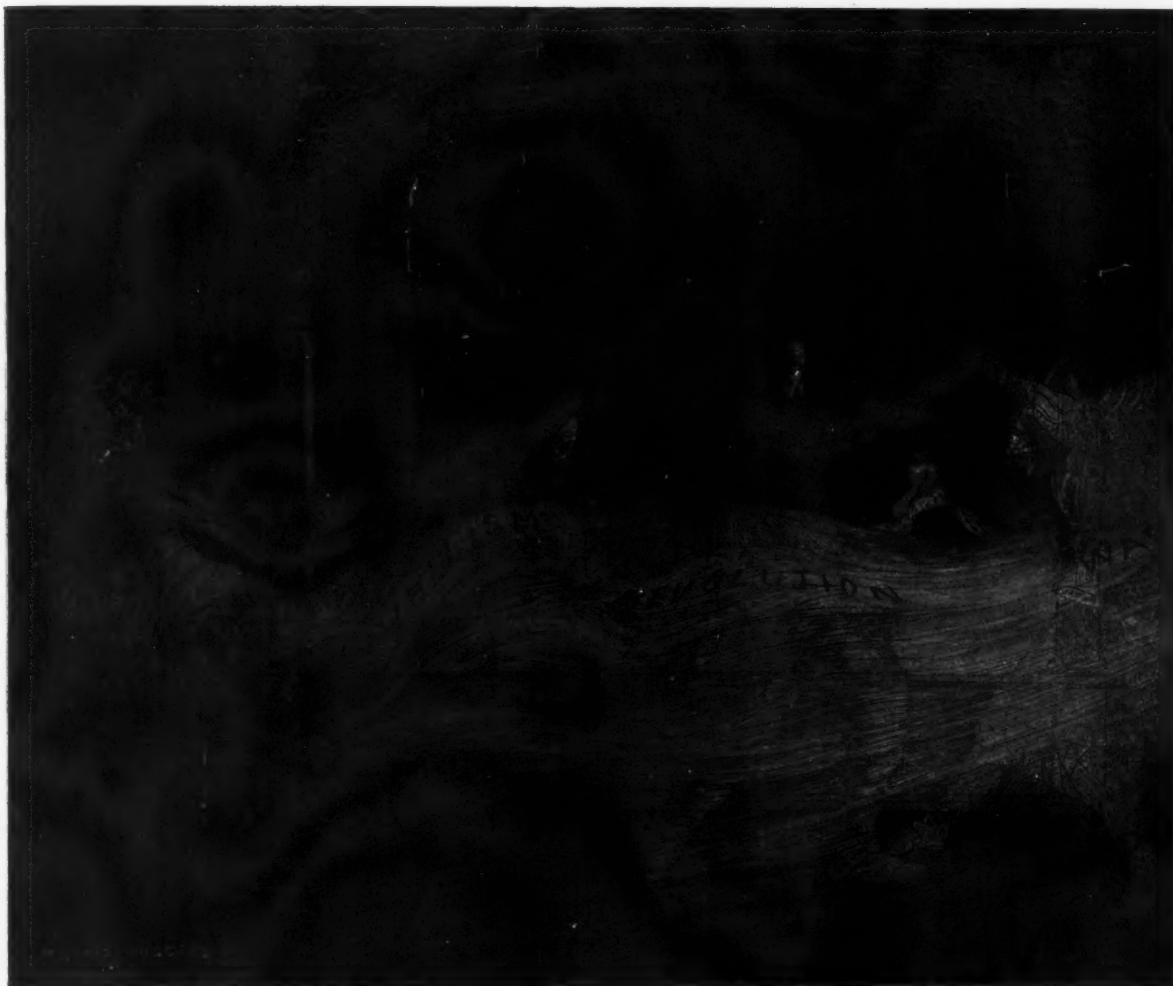


AND there, or thereabouts, lurks one of the issues of this campaign. Judge Parker has declared definitely that he believes in eventual independence for the Philippines, and believes in giving assurance *now* to the Filipinos that it is our intention to make them, some time, just as independent as Cuba

is. We may be wrong, but we believe that President Roosevelt does not desire that the Philippines should ever be wholly independent. Certainly he does not think it expedient to assure them now that we intend to grant them independence. He is solicitous to aid them in every way to develop ability for self-government and to protect them from the spoiler, but if he contemplates with satisfaction, or even resignation, the removal of our flag from those islands, he has had a momentous change of heart, and Beveridge must be ashamed of him. His disposition, if we understand it, favors the acceptance by the United States of territory, power, responsibilities, duties, opportunities and expenses the world over, wherever offered or incurred. He feels equal to anything that comes his way, and thinks the United States should feel as he does. That he really scares Mr. Pulitzer, we have no doubt. Mr. Pulitzer is very able, and a great fighter of a certain sort, but he is older than he was and has much money and very little eyesight, and age, riches and blindness all naturally abhor the popping of guns. It will be recalled that those two dove-like conservatives, Grover Cleveland and Richard Olney, once threw Mr. Pulitzer into conspicuous fits by speaking abruptly over-seas.



THE Philippines are not much of an issue this year. The Democratic candidate has succeeded in declaring that we should pledge them independence, but most of the voters in both parties are undecided about it and will be for a long time to come. But President Roosevelt's reputed aggressiveness in foreign affairs, his expansionist disposition, and his feelings about the Big Stick are real factors in the fight. Roosevelt is, and will be, a President who does things. This line of praise has been overdone. It hurts more than it helps. Judge Parker's strength, as a candidate, is based chiefly on the belief that he won't do a blessed thing for four whole years except what the law directs.



AN INHERITANCE.

"It Is the Blesséd Sun."

THE President sat in his easy chair,
And read the papers from far and near,
While the faithful Loeb, to make glad his
heart,
Said, "All the reports bring much good
cheer.
The *Oshkosh World* has swung around ;
The *Red Gulch Times* says the fight is
won ;
Thus, Sire,—Oh horrors ! Ye gods ! What's
this ?
You have the support of the *New York
Sun* !"

The President started ; his face grew pale ;
"Guns ! If you love me, say not so !
Shades of Addicks and Jacob Riis !
What have I done to deserve this blow ?
Is it for this I set Cuba free ?
For this, ere the fight is half begun,

When all looks fair, I should thus be cursed
With the fatal support of the *New York
Sun* ?

"Pilloried thus before mankind,
Me, with Tweed and Ben Butler, too ?
Old Dick Connolly, David Hill ?
Sweeny, and all of the motley crew ?
Never a God-forsaken knave—
Never a rogue of the baser sort—
Never an evil public cause—
That the *New York Sun* would not sup-
port.

"Poor old *Sun* ! Why, the sorry sheet !
Free Silver, Greenback, this or that ;
Every rag-tag and bobtail cause,
This week Tammany, next week Platt.
Up Salt River the ghostly crew
Look back on the losing race they've run,
And sigh, 'Well, we might have had a show
But for the support of the *New York Sun*.'"

The strenuous teeth no longer shine ;
Pallid and shrunk is the martial brow ;
Chill are the winds of Oyster Bay ;
Forgotten and idle the Big Stick now.
Riis comes and goes, but he brings no cheer ;
The Curse has fallen ; the evil's done ;
All joy is fled since that fatal day
That announced the support of the *New
York Sun*.
M'Cready Sykes.

MRS. MAYBRICK is out of prison,
and apparently every newspaper
reporter in the world is on the lookout
for her. She cannot show her face in a
window in any town in Europe without
word of it being sent to the ends of the
earth. Let the poor woman alone. She
has served her time and is entitled now
to liberty, and the pursuit of such hap-
piness as she can attain.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,325.95
Miss M. Taylor and Miss J. Gillespie....	40.00
In Memory of "Laury".....	9.00
Cash.....	100.00
Ray, Ogden, Tod.....	100.00
In Loving Memory of G. H. C. 3d, from M. C. H. C.....	2.50
In Memory of F. W. J.....	10.00
Arthur M. Walker.....	3.00
E. H. S.....	10.00
E. C. Van Glahn.....	5.00
I. H. S.....	2.00
L. P. D.....	10.00
Entertainment, Colonial Hotel, Kitcha- wan, N. Y.....	8.55
A Friend.....	10.00
Cash.....	8.00
	\$6,644.00

An Exploded Reputation.

METHUSELAH is firmly believed to have lived nine hundred years, and this has been so often held up to his advantage, that it is high time the truth about Methuselah was known.

As a matter of fact, Methuselah was a mere boy when he died. At that age some of our kindergarten graduates could have given him more valuable pointers than were dreamed of in his philosophy.

This historical personage was born in a circus tent in the heart of the Ararat district. He learned all he ever knew in the first ten years of his life. All that followed after that was a repetition.

Methuselah never went to kindergarten, nor learned to cut automobiles out of red paper. He never attended dancing school, played golf or rode a wheel. He was fairly good on horseback, but never attended a race in his life, and knew nothing of polo.

Methuselah had no World's Fairs to educate him and pass away the time. He did not grow nervous in Wall Street, eat his lunch by putting a quarter in the slot, or go sixty miles an hour on an open road.

The length of a man's life is not measured by years, but by events.

Methuselah is a back number. In one year we live longer than he did in his whole life.

HE: Sweetheart, would you mind changing to the other knee?

SHE: No, darling, not if it will put any more spirit into you.

Where Are the Rubes?

SELF-SATISFIED people in London
Make fun of the ones in New York;
New Yorkers say those in Chicago
Will never eat pie with a fork;
Chicagoans vow Philadelphia
Is wrapped in the meshes of sleep;
The Brotherly Lovers say Pittsburg
Is tawdry and shallow and cheap.

The people of Pittsburg grow merry
When any one speaks of the way
St. Louis is making advances
And growing in strength day by day;
St. Louis derides Cincinnati—
And thus it goes merrily down,
Each place making light of the Reubens
That hail from a smaller-sized town.

Bland City declares it is sorry
For Perkinsville, quiet and old;
And Perkinsville thinks that Ray's Crossing
Yields all of the rubes that are polled.
Ray's Crossing sits down by the station
And renders its thanks unto fate
That it is no Clifton—why, Clifton
Is too small to stop any freight!

In Clifton they tell you of Pitchin
Where people cut hair à la crock;
In Pitchin they gibe at Hoon Center
As something too stagnant to mock.
Hoon Center knows "greenies" who walk in
From somewhere "in yander"; and they—
The ones from "in yander"—will chuckle
Of those who live further away.

And so, we may trace it from London
Clear down to "in yander," and still
The Reubens—the real ones—they tell us,
We'll find over some other hill.
The distance grows large or decreases
In squares and in circles and cubes—
From London clear down to "in yander"
The question is: "Where are the rubes?"

W. D. Nesbit.

Kissing.

KISSING first became prevalent in the Garden of Eden, where it was practiced extensively the first year of married life. Afterwards it was introduced into New England and the Back Bay, thus becoming firmly established.

Kissing is said to be unsanitary, and is directly responsible for several varieties of heart trouble.

The two-women kiss is still prominent. It can be seen in the shopping district, on and off surface cars and trains and in the suburbs. It is always demonstrative, and is generally used to conceal real feelings.

The honeymoon kiss is the longest

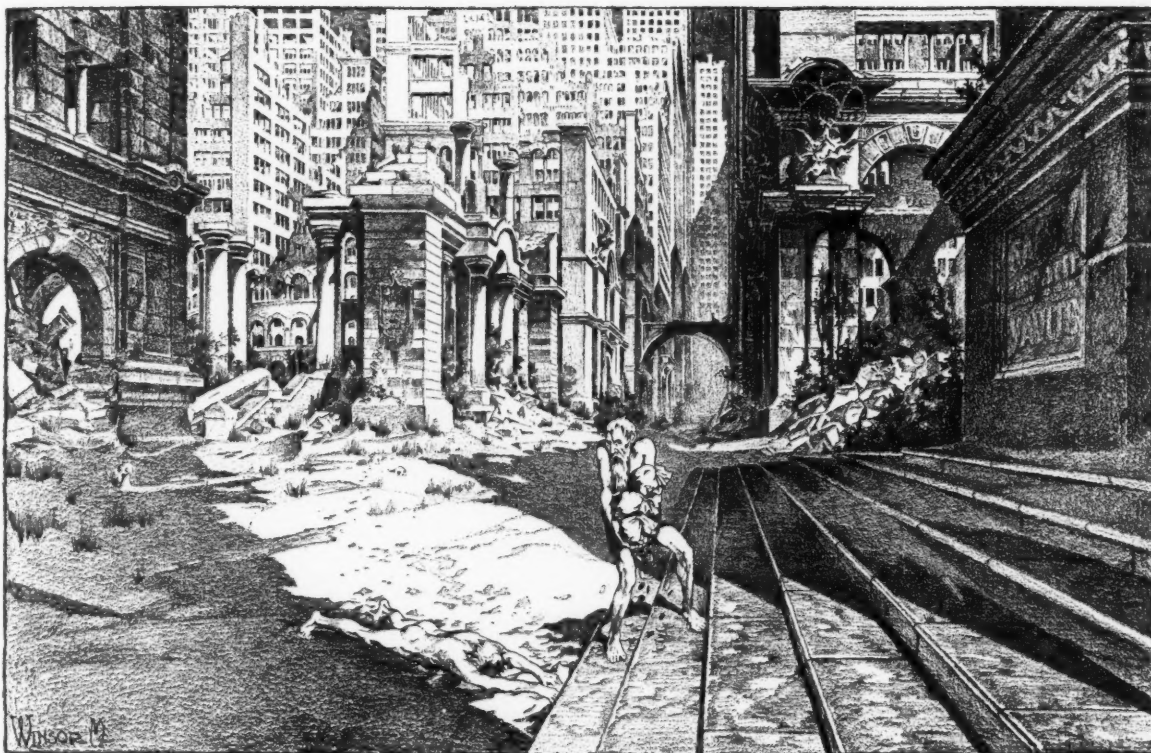


GETTING BACK TO NATURE.

known, often being on exhibition to the general public for weeks at a time.

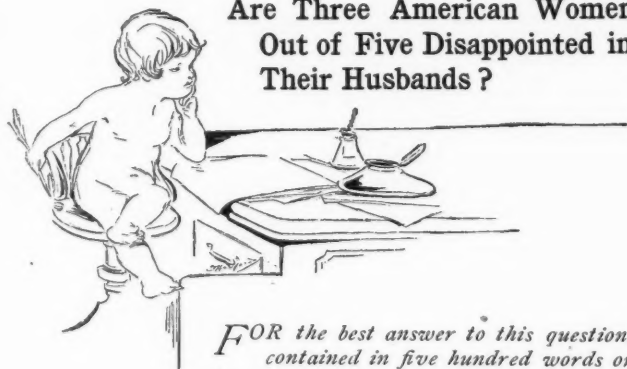
The married-life kiss fluctuates widely, both in quantity and quality, and is apt to be one-sided.

The back-parlor and the moonlight kisses are the sweetest. They require no previous preparation, are more enjoyable when simultaneous, and are generally repeated as often as desired.



BUSY TO THE END.

Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?



*FOR the best answer to this question,
contained in five hundred words or
less, LIFE will give fifty dollars.*

Correspondents may treat the subject in any way they prefer, humorously or seriously.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor of LIFE.

Tuesday P. M.

VON BLUMER (*to Caterly*): Don't be afraid, old man. This dog of mine never barks at a gentleman (*dog barks violently*), except on Tuesdays and Fridays.

The Starved, Spangled Bandmen.

THE Russian military band at Port Arthur plays its regular morning and evening programs, despite the severity of the siege.—*From a cable despatch.*

O, say, can you hear in the dawn's early light
What so gladly we heard at the twilight's last gleamvitch?
Does the bass drumski boom in its resonant might,
Does the tubavitch toot with its regular steamvitch?
Though the tromboneski's blasts in its practicing blare
Gave proof through the night that the bandski was there,
O, say, do the starved, spangled bandmen still play,
While the Japanese shells whizzovitch o'er the bay?

Though the drumski has lost its best head by a shell,
And a bullet has pierced a new hole in the fluteski,
Does the band answer back with "Bedelia" as well
As it did when the Japs first gave orders to shootski?
"Hiawatha" it pealed from a band-stand concealed,
And the hot shot of ragtime its rumbles revealed—
O, say, do the starved, spangled bandmen still play,
While the Japanese shells whizzovitch o'er the bay?

Hark! The strainski that comes through the crash of the bombs!
'Tis the band proving yet that grim war is Old Harry,
For the melody made by the toots and tum-tums
Is the gallant defiance of "Good Morning, Carrie!"
And the Offskis and Vitches still gallantly blow,
While the music is hürled in the face of the foe.
And the starved, spangled bandmen courageously play
While the Japanese shells whizzovitch o'er the bay.

Francis Scottoffski Kevitchovitch.

ON BOARD JAPANESE FLAGSHIP, OFF PORT ARTHUR, AUG. 11, 1904.

A GREAT RUN.

**Life's Chauffeur on His Tooting
Terror Spreads Consterna-
tion on His Trail.**

HIT OR MISS ALL THE WAY.

**Men, Women and Children Panic-
stricken as Our Motor Car
Speeds Westward—Rec-
ord of the Run—A
Glorious End.**

WILLIAM PLUNGER, the chauffeur engaged by LIFE, has made the most successful run westward ever speeded, popular indignation never before having been so fully aroused.

He is now in the St. Louis jail resting on his laurels.

Our great touring car, with a steel cowcatcher in front, and covered with the blood of countless victims, is on exhibition at the Exposition.

A life-sized statue of Plunger, representing him on a famous motor car, in the act of defying three judges, is being made, and, when completed, will be unveiled at Newport.

Crowds visit the jail daily. Several tons of flowers are left every morning.

Following is a partial record of the trip:

SARATOGA, Thursday.—I came through from Albany this morning at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Swerved a little at Troy, in consequence of which I ran right through a collar factory. Cowcatcher did great work. Several shop-girls broken up, but no damage to machine.

Was fined here fifteen dollars by Judge for exceeding the speed limit, but when he found out who I was, and that I had money to burn, he reduced it to thirty cents.

We millionaires are fined too much, anyway.

The Judge told me privately that he thought I ought to have been promptly shot, but he was afraid if he didn't treat me right the Automobile Club of America would pass resolutions of regret. And he said, with tears in his eyes, that he couldn't stand that. Well, I'm off for Chicago.

Plunger.

CLEVELAND, Saturday.—Send me ten thousand. I enclose a bill for new sprockets, cowcatcher, new gears, new carburetor, new

chain, new tires, radiators, new body, new engine, new crank-shaft and fly-wheel, vibrator, muffler, four cylinders and ignition coil. Also for painting and varnishing. Aside from these few items, machine is all right. Yesterday I disputed the right of way with a Nickel Plate locomotive. It was a toss-up, but the locomotive won.

Fortunately I had on my new rubber inflated suit (patent applied for) and merely bounded up in the air and came down again.

The fact is that these locomotive engineers are too fresh. It's getting to be so that they don't even stop when they see a party of society people crossing the tracks.

I shall mention this to the President of the Automobile Club, and get him to censure the railroads.

We automobilists must stand together, or the men, women and children of this country will run right over us.

A dinner-party is to be given to-night in my honor by one of the most prominent judges here. Chicago to-morrow.

Plunger.

CHICAGO, Monday, 4 P. M.—Just got here amid the most tremendous excitement. Machine never went better. In a run of two hundred miles I only had to lay on my back six hours.

Getting near the outskirts I ran through a line of farmers' wagons bringing vegetables into town.

I scattered corn, potatoes and onions over the State.

Also ran through a funeral. Made the hearse look like an ebony kindling pile.

Undertaker was wild, but I turned on all the smell I could and scooted away. I enclose clipping from Chicago paper:

"THE LIMIT.

"A man calling himself William Plunger has been touring in a big motor car from New York. He claims to have a perfect right to run over people, and terrorize the whole country, because he is a Newport 'society' man and a millionaire.

"But we think differently.

"We don't believe any irresponsible and pleasure-seeking automobilist has a right to make himself obnoxious, and if Plunger stays here much longer, he will be put through one of our slaughter-houses and shipped on East in cold storage."

So that's why I'm off for St. Louis.

Plunger.

ST. LOUIS, Tuesday.—At last I am a popular hero. I was thrown into jail last night, and my machine, covered with blood and dust, is now on exhibition on the Pike.

I am a child of destiny. Whatever happens to me now, I feel that I have fulfilled my mission. Please send my goggles to the Automobile Club as a memento.

Farewell!

Plunger.

Special to Life.

ST. LOUIS, Tuesday P. M.—Chauffeur William Plunger, "the most reckless of them all," received your representative to-day with a cordial smile.

"I firmly believe," he said, "that I have made myself immortal, having shown some of these millionaires that they have much to learn yet. I shall meet my fate calmly, in the proud conscientiousness that I have died in a good, aristocratic cause."

The Game of Philanthropy.

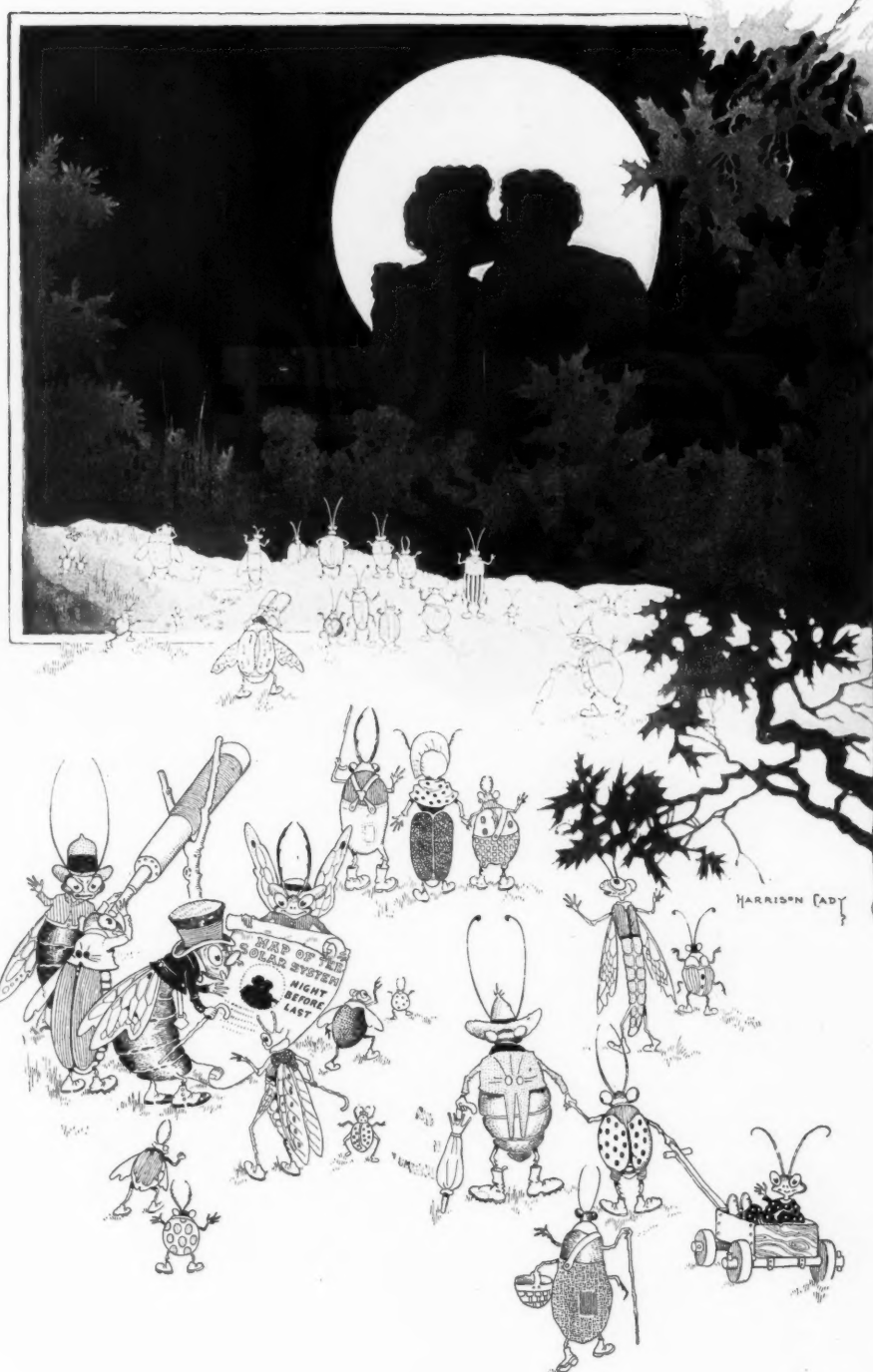
THIS is a long game, usually taking a lifetime. As many players can enter as want to. The idea is to begin as young as possible, and beg, borrow or steal enough to get a start. Then get a lot of widows, orphans and suckers together and stack the cards. Also have the tariff raised. By and by, when money enough has been raised, the player calls: "Philanthropy, Philanthropy," and then everybody knows that he has arrived at the goal.

"**W**HAT do you want to see the Czar for?"

"I'm the agent for a bomb-proof baby carriage."



THE WRONG ROOM.



AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON IN BEETLEBURG.

The Modern Child.

BORN scientifically,
Studied terrifically,
Clothed very carefully,
Dieted sparefully,
Aired systematically,
Bathed most emphatically,
Played with quite drearly,
Punished Spencerially,
Sweet infantility,
Steeped in gentility,
Santa Claus banished,
Mother Goose vanished,
Where are the babies,
The real human babies,

The olden time knew ?

Harnessed scholastically,
Drilled superdrastically,
Cultured prodigiously,
Lectured religiously,
Classified rigidly,
Reasoned with frigidly,
Loved analytically,
Listened to critically,
Dosed with the "ologies,"
Rushed through the colleges,
Crammed pedagogically,
"Finished" most logically,
Where is the childhood,
The fresh, happy childhood,
The olden time knew ?

Children successively
Reared thus aggressively,
Posing eternally,
Wearied infernally,
Planned for initially,
"Formed" artificially,
Will they submit to it ?
Never cry "Quit !" to it ?
Will not analysis
Stop from paralysis ?
Till our distraction
Ends with reaction,
Brings back the childhood,
The bright, careless childhood,
The olden time knew !

James F. Morton, Jr.

"**H**OW did her parents come
to choose a literary
career for Arabella ?"

"Well, she didn't turn out
quite right. They were afraid
she didn't have ability enough
to be an ordinary wife and
mother."

SEVERAL automobilists
have recently had their
cars arranged to run on the
railroad tracks. Even if they
crowd the locomotives off onto
the roads, this might be some
relief.



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HAVING TAKEN ALL THE NECESSARY LEGAL STEPS, MR. TAGG IS GREATLY MORTIFIED



GG IS GREATLY MORTIFIED AT HIS DAUGHTER'S REFUSAL TO MARRY A NOBLEMAN.



FROGVILLE SKETCHES.

THE YACHTING SEASON.

Clubs.

DR. DOWIE'S opinion that Bishop Potter is on the road to hell springs not unnaturally from the old conception which located hell at the center of the earth. Dr. Dowie is nothing if not orthodox, and easily confounds the Subway with the *facilis est descensus Averni* of Virgil and other theologians. If he has jumped at conclusions which the later latitudinarianism will not altogether bear out, who shall wonder?

The only reason the poor man has for wanting a club is that the rich man has his club. The only reason the rich man has for wanting a club is that a club is something a poor man can't have. If the poor man gets his club, the rich man will have no further use for his club, and as soon as the rich man has let his club go, the poor man will have

no further use for his club. And the last state of man will be better than the first.

Dr. Dowie seems now and then to lose sight of the stubborn fact that many wretched souls haven't the price of a ticket via Zion City, Ill., and that for these some cheaper way to salvation has got to be opened up.

Knew What He Wanted.

IT was midnight in Washington. Three Brigadier-Generals were discussing the situation.

"Gadzooks," quoth Brigadier-General No. 1—for it was indeed he—"the question is who shall we vote for? I am a gentleman by birth and breeding. Theodore has done the handsome thing by me. He has promoted me over the heads of the regular army. I owe him something."

"So do I," remarked Brigadier-Gen-

eral No. 2—for it was indeed he—"I owe Teddy my place. I shall vote for him also."

"I shall not vote for him!" said Brigadier-General No. 3—for it was indeed he.

The other two Brigadier-Generals sprang to their feet.

"What!" they exclaimed. "Traitor! Would you go back on the hand that has raised you?"

"Even so," remarked Brigadier-General No. 3, sententiously. "Me for Parker."

His companions faced him.

"Your reason!" they demanded, with vicarious strenuousity.

"This," replied Brigadier-General No. 3. "I've got there, haven't I? My position is assured. And now, do you suppose I want to get mixed up in any war? Never. Me for peace, every time!"



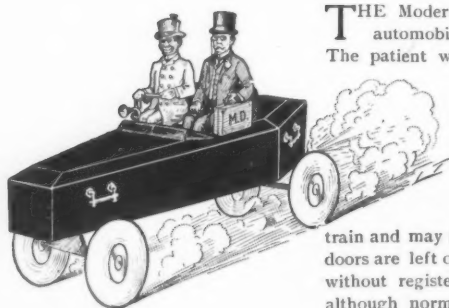
ART.



LITERATURE.



MUSIC.



Modern.

THE Modern Doctor arrived in his automobile in the nick of time. The patient was getting well. In a couple of days of rest and quiet he would have been all right.

"His pulse," said the Modern Doctor, "indicates that streptococci will arrive on the next train and may force an entrance, if the doors are left open, and they can get in without registering. His temperature, although normal, is only this way because he didn't expect me, and his respiration shows plainly that he must have been drinking Florida water and swallowed one of the seeds. This is no time, therefore, for child's play. We must remove the appendix at once."

"But," said the Modern Patient, "let me understand the precise reason for this thing, which I cannot but regard as a serious matter."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Modern Doctor, "as if, with thirteen more operations to perform before the noon bell rings, I had any time for small talk."

So saying, he clapped on the ether bag, performed a few deft movements with the upper arm, and motioning to his private secretary to enter up the amount on his card system, he was off once more.



Whistler as I Knew Him, by Mortimer Menpes, is a handsome quarto containing nearly a gross of full-page reproductions and a letterpress which is a genuine psychological curiosity. Menpes thought himself Whistler's favorite disciple and writes in that character. As a matter of fact Whistler never tolerated disciples. What he wanted was bell-boys, and for some years Menpes was chief of the staff. It is astonishing how little he tells us about Whistler when he thinks he is enlightening us, and how much he tells us of which he is totally unconscious.

E. F. Benson's latest novel, *The Challoners*, is a story of contemporary social life in England marked by extreme simplicity of plot and a quiet expertness in the presentation of an attractive set of characters. The real theme of the story is the tendency of the day toward individualism, but Mr. Benson is artist enough never to obtrude his theme and to let an interesting story point its own conclusions.

The By-Ways of Braith, by Frances Powell, the author of *The House on the Hudson*, is manifestly an encore to that rather successful tale of mystery and thrills. Braith Manor is also a house on the Hudson, fully furnished with secret passages and ghostly warnings, but the tale is dreary and the actors poor-spirited, and when the current of the narrative should carry us headlong down the stream, we are often obliged to get out and wade.

The confidences of *The Second Mrs. Jim*, as recorded by Joseph Conrad, make an amusing hors d'œuvre on the menu of midsummer fiction. How Mrs. Jim came to marry a widower with two children, and how she managed the three of them afterwards, is told in her own

words. Mrs. Jim is a distant relative of Mrs. Wiggs, though she possesses neither that lady's keen humor nor her fondness for Christmas-story sentiment.

The six stories by Charles Egbert Craddock contained in *The Frontiersmen* are gathered from the annals of pre-revolutionary days in Miss Murfree's own preserves, and the Great Smoky Mountain looms on the horizon of each tale as a guarantee of genuineness. The stories, however, will be read rather for their authorship than for their contents. We have been asked to read a great deal lately about the pioneers and have read much of it with unfeigned interest. But having so frequently fought their good fight, we are inclined to feel that we have finished the course.

Robert W. Chambers in his series of connected tales, *In Search of the Unknown*, has elicited a good deal of fun from the adventures of a young assistant in the Bronx Zoological Gardens who draws queer coverts for queerer game. The book is an amusing extravaganza, and, while one may prefer Mr. Chambers in his own department of romance, yet since extravaganzas are the fashion, it would be unfair to ask him to be out of style.

In this day when many write little novels and then adapt them to the stage, Mrs. Burton Harrison has her own method. She writes little plays and then adapts them to the book-stall. *Sylvia's Husband* is one of these adaptations, where the dialogue is suggestive of cues and entrances and the descriptions are unitalicized stage directions.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Whistler as I Knew Him. By Mortimer Menpes. (The Macmillan Company. \$10.00.)

The Challoners. By E. F. Benson. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

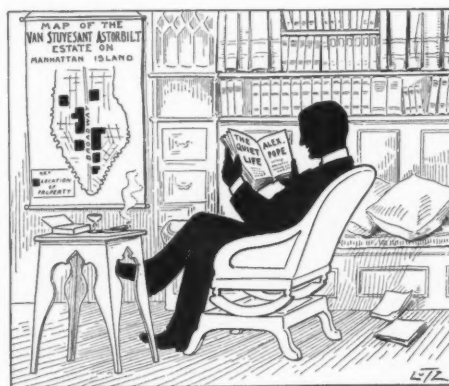
The By-Ways of Braith. By Frances Powell. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Second Mrs. Jim. By Joseph Conrad. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.00.)

The Frontiersmen. By Charles Egbert Craddock. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

In Search of the Unknown. By Robert W. Chambers. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Sylvia's Husband. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.25.)



Mr. Van Stuyesant Astorbilt: YES, THIS POET KNEW A THING OR TWO. HERE IN *The Quiet Life* HE SAYS:

"HAPPY THE MAN, WHOSE WISH AND CARE
A FEW PATERNAL ACRES BOUND."

HE MEANS, OF COURSE, IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY.



HER FIRST PIE.

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· LIFE ·



AUTOS.

Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!
Hear 'em sizz, see 'em whizz, watch 'em scoot.
Half a thousand devil carts comin' down the Pike,
Motors workin' overtime, horses on a strike.
Comin' from the east an' south, comin' from the west.
Every fellow sure that he's in front of all the rest;
Comin' from Schenectady, Birmingham, and Butte.
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!

Gears and sprockets, tanks and chains, cylinders and brakes,
Ratchets, pistons, clutches, sprags, half a hundred makes;
Sparkers, plugs and steering posts, batteries, and coils,
Bearings, generators, guards, lubricating oils;
Carburetors, solid tires, governors and jacks,
Cars that look like skeletons, cars that look like hacks;
Some that glide along like ghosts, some that snort and shoot—
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!

Tonneaus and mufflers, hoods and pumps, odometers and lamps,
Foot throttles, clinchers, goggles, masks, and something for the cramps.
Transmitters and condensers, too, exhausts and rheostats,
Long coats that came from dear Paree, and patent leather hats.
And so they come to do the Fair, this band of auto men;
The world has never seen the like, nor ever will again.
Now stand aside and give 'em room to sizz and whizz and scoot—
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!

—St. Louis Republic.

"Here's a nice girl, Mr. Fenton." With unconvin-
cing benevolence the intelligence office "lady" an-
chored in front of him a stern and ancient Valkyr.

"Have the others been long with you?" The
newcomer took a fierce initiative.

"No; oh, no." In his own office Edward was a
man of authority, but here even the weakest woman

rose immeasurably his superior. Overhearing a lady
to the right bluntly assert, "You won't do; I never
could stand a cross-eyed waitress," he envied her in-
human courage.

His examiner deigned to enlarge: "I never go
where the other help has been anny while, because
sometimes they sides with the family."—*Mary Moss,*
in *August Lippincott's*.



AFTER GRACE.

"SAV, PA, WHAT'S THE USE OF THANKING GOD FOR THE
COMFORTS OF LIFE, WHEN WE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BUT THAT
OLD CODFISH GRAVY?"

WHEN a bride is being given away it is hard for
her to look self-possessed.—*Philadelphia Record.*

P. D. GREE: Yes, my great-grandfather's grand-
father came over in the Mayflower.

S. COFFER: Quite a hard trip for such an old
man, wasn't it?—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

THE editor of a Fremont paper recently received a
fine chicken which he, supposing it to be a token of appre-
ciation from a discriminating reader, took home and enjoyed
for dinner. The following day he received this letter:
"Dear Editor—Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to
settle a dispute which had arisen here. Can you tell what
the chicken died of?"—*Exchange.*

HE was a diner in a club which had opened its
doors to the members of his club while some necessary
repairs were being made. He did not know that some
of his club waiters had been lent to the club which
was offering its hospitality. He proceeded to abuse
the food, and said to a servant:

"Go and tell the cook what I say."

"I couldn't well do that, sir," was the answer.
"You see, I am only a guest in this club myself."

And the abuse of the viands ceased.—*Sporting Times.*

REPRESENTATIVE LIVINGSTON, of Georgia, repeats
a story that was told him by a physician on duty at
a hospital in Atlanta.

One day there entered the hospital a young col-
ored woman badly bitten in the neck just back of the
ear. The doctor who dressed the wound said to the
patient:

"It perplexes me to determine just what sort of an
animal bit you. This wound is too small to have been
made by a horse and too large to have been inflicted
by a dog or a cat."

The colored woman grinned. "Sho', Doctor, it
wa'n't any animal dat bit me, it war a lady, sah!"—
Edwin Tarrisse, in August Lippincott's.

RIF REUKEMA, a Milwaukee lawyer and member
of the Wisconsin Legislature, is superintendent of
one of the largest Sunday schools in the city.

Mr. Reukema was making a children's day ad-
dress, and, wishing to get an explanation of "manna,"
asked: "What is the staff of life?"

An agitated hand waved the air, and, on being
encouraged to make reply, a lad answered: "Whisky."

The assemblage was astonished, but roared when
the boy, encouraged to make himself clear, contin-
ued:

"Moses threw down his staff and then the people
saw a snake."—*New York Times.*

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ETHEL BARRYMORE is responsible for the following story illustrating Wilton Lackaye's sardonic wit: "One day Lackaye said he had made a dramatization of Hugo's 'Les Miserables,' and somebody said he'd never get a New York manager to produce it. 'Produce it!' sneered Lackaye; 'why, you'll never get a New York manager to pronounce it.'"—*Argonaut*.

CEREAL FOODS

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream.

ETHEL: What makes you look so pleased?

EDITH: Oh! Jack says I'm the first girl he ever proposed to on his automobile.—*Detroit Free Press*.

FAIRBANKS' mother is said to be pleased at his nomination for Vice-President. This illustrates how little the average woman knows about politics.—*The Houston Post*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

BLINKS: A New York inspector has just broken a record.

JINKS: What did he do?

"Discovered that an excursion steamer was unsafe before it burned with all on board."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

HI TRAGEDY: How did you like Iowa?

LOWE COMEDY: Well, there was one town there I'll never forget. We were simply carried away with it.

"You don't say?"

"Yes, a cyclone arrived about an hour after we did."—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

THE late Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim, and, to test him, said: "How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," was the reply.

"What are they?" asked the doctor.

"The inside and the outside," was the answer.—*Argonaut*.

REDMOND & Co., 41 Wall Street, have issued an interesting pamphlet describing their letters of credit, which are issued for the use of travelers both in the United States and in Foreign Countries. These letters of credit are payable in all the principal cities of the world, and are the safest and most convenient method for travelers to provide themselves with funds while traveling.

SQUIRE (to rural lad): Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one.

Boy: By teeth, sir.

"Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth."

"No, sir; but I have."—*Exchange*.

PARKE: Anyone with you to keep you from being lonesome while your family was in the country?

LANE: Nobody but a box of Fonseca's cigars.

"BUT," remarked a member of the young billionaire's Bible class, "the good book says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Never mind that, my friend. Stick right to business. None of us will have a cent when we get to the gate."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



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THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY announces that it will **SELL EXCURSION TICKETS** to **BALTIMORE** and **Return** on September 11th and 12th, at rate of \$6.50 for the Round Trip from New York, account of the **NATIONAL CONVENTION, FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES.** Tickets will be good to return until September 16th inclusive.

Bore on Too Heavily.

"THIS won't go for only one stamp," said the village postmaster to old Uncle 'Kiah, as the latter handed him a bulky and much-sealed missive.

"Whuf for? What's de maddah wid dat?"

"Too heavy," replied the postmaster, balancing it on his hand.

"Umph! I tole dat boy so when he was a-writin' of it. I tole him he was writin' too heaby a han', but he kep' on a-bearin' down an' a-bearin' down on de pen, lahk a load o' hay. I'll take it back, sah, an' mek him write wid a pencil. I ain't gwine spen' no mo' two centeses jes' fer his pigheadedness."—*Youth's Companion.*

THIS week closes one of the most brilliant and thoroughly delightful Autumn Meetings that the Coney Island Jockey Club has ever known. Ideal weather, the finest horses in the country and the unstinted and well-deserved support of the best social element in the city have proved an irresistible combination, which has rendered this meet not only a professional, but a popular and fashionable appreciation. Four more days yet remain of this meeting, during which the devotees of this sport of sports can gather at Sheepshead Bay for the final events, as follows: Wednesday—Belles, Waldorf, September; Thursday—Flight, Russet; Friday—Golden Rod, Omnium; Saturday—Westbury Steeplechase, Great Eastern Handicap, Annual Champion. With these glorious days at hand, an outing at Sheepshead is one of the few things to be desired by those who appreciate the quickening of the pulses and the exhilaration which accompany the contests waged by the kings and queens of the turf.

MOTHERS and other guardians of youth will appreciate the point of a story found in *Sunday at Home*.

Alexis came home one night with his clothes full of holes.

"What has happened to you?" exclaimed his mother.

"Oh, we've been playing shop ever since school closed," Alexis replied.

"Shop?" echoed his mother.

"Yes. We opened a grocery, and everybody was something," Alexis explained. "I was the cheese."

SEPTEMBER—the loveliest month in the year for a vacation. The trouble is that so few of us can get away at this time. If you are one of the lucky ones, take a word of advice: Go up to Lake St. John, Canada's great inland sea—one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Drop a line to H. G. Beemer, Manager, "The Roberval," Roberval, P. Q., and learn particulars. Creature comforts in the midst of primeval wilderness. You'll be glad some one told you of this wondrous spot when you see it.

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My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

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